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FRANCIS PARKMAN, THE MAN.¹

TEN years ago there might have been seen on the more fashionable streets of Boston on any fine day in winter the well-dressed figure of a bent and misshapen man. Supported by two canes, he would walk very rapidly for a space, then stop as if exhausted and lean himself against some friendly wall. After a few minutes he would resume his painful journey. In this manner he would pass down the sunny sides of Beacon, Tremont, or Boylston Streets, or spend an hour going through the walks of the Common. An uninformed observer would be apt to pass this stranger with a feeling of commiseration. Perhaps some of the more strenuous spirits of dutiful Boston would be moved to think of the great pity that a man should be so entirely cut off by fortune from doing the tasks of service to humanity. Such persons would hardly think that he whom they commiserated had lived, nearly blind as he was, a most active life of literary service, and that this life had given to Boston one of her most considerable claims to literary prominence and to the world one of its most important and delightful histories.

The shriveled limbs which bore this tortured figure never revealed by the least conscious tremor any hesitation of the will that directed them. With unvarying determination he moved forward through his long life, living and working in spite of the physical difficulties which impeded him. His books were the results of painstaking investigations, for which libraries both in Europe and in America had to be ransacked. A mountain of old documents had to be examined, journeys across the ocean had to be made, all the annoyances of trusting a piece of note-taking to imperfectly trained copyists had to be endured and patiently set right, and at length by slow steps the narrative had to be wrought out, usually in a darkened room and under such conditions that the brain could

¹A *Life of Francis Parkman*. By Charles Haight Farnham. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1900.

give itself to only a few moments of continuous action; yet all this was done with such remarkable accuracy that when the book was written it was no less a lucid story than a masterful piece of polished and delightful prose. Such were the obstacles in the way of Francis Parkman, the historian of the French régime in Canada, and such was the manner in which his remarkable will rendered them nothing. What he did under such circumstances is a lasting measure by which the man who loses his effort in longing may estimate the weakness of his own will and the littleness of his own career.

The career of Parkman was a product of New England Puritanism and a protest against it. His ancestry on both sides were stoutly Puritan, and his character in many respects was that of the Puritan; but there was too much humanism about him to allow him to confine himself by the severe rules of conduct which that form of thought prescribed. His father's family was a race possessed of the hardest physical qualities. One of them, the great-grandfather of the historian, was the twelfth son of his father, and became in turn the father of sixteen children. He was the masterful minister of Westborough, Mass., and ruled his little ecclesiastical kingdom for fifty-eight years. One of this man's sixteen children was Samuel Parkman, who early became a Boston merchant, and ultimately a man of great wealth for the day. This merchant lived happily in prosperity and begot sons and daughters, eleven of them, and one of them, Francis, became a minister of Boston, and served the New North Church from 1813 till 1849. It was the son of this minister who became the historian.

On his mother's side Parkman was descended from no less a light of Puritanism than John Cotton, the Boston minister of most influence in the first thirty years of the town's existence. Among Mrs. Parkman's ancestors of a closer degree there were several ministers, all of whom were strictly orthodox save one. She herself was a woman of strong character, although not remarkable for brilliant mind. Her thought was practical rather than speculative, and she cared little for creeds and nothing for religious controversies, although she

was deeply religious in a practical way. She had common sense, kindness of heart, devotion to home and family, and a very serviceable fund of humor.

The father of the historian was long remembered in Boston as a minister of more than ordinary ability, a man of cheerful and cultured tastes, a friend of humanity, a man of inherited wealth and a philanthropist, filling with both dignity and faithfulness the position of a spiritual, intellectual, and social shepherd of his flock.

Of the two parents, the mother gave the strongest impetus to the boy Francis. And yet neither the father nor the mother will account for the boy, for he completely overset all the ideas of both. He had not in the least degree the religious devotion of either. Nature gave him a strong love of truth in its cosmopolitan aspects. He was born in the days of the new reaction against the strict ways of old. He made a complete change of front, and threw aside all the restraint of custom which had bound the young men of New England in the olden time. He was in feeling from his college days a man of the world, not dissipated or immoral, but one who lived for the natural impulses and who was not only indifferent but even savage toward the system which he had rejected. Puritanism was democratic; Parkman was socially exclusive. Puritanism was ever mindful of its religious sense; Parkman had no more religion than a deep love of nature gave him. Puritanism believed in severe morals; Parkman believed in, and practiced, the human pleasures of good living, dressing handsomely, using good wine in moderation as a matter of course, and being surrounded by the visible beauty which his ample fortune gave him.

But there was a point at which this antithesis failed. Puritanism had a strenuous will; no Pilgrim Father's determination was ever greater than Parkman's. Puritanism was capable of days and nights of unremitting thought; no New England minister in the days of the theocracy ever sought the last theological argument with more unrelenting assiduity than Parkman sifted to the last point his historical evidences. Puritanism was unreasoningly faithful to its party; yet nei-

ther Cotton Mather nor Jonathan Edwards espoused his ideals with a fervor greater than that with which Parkman followed the ideals of his own life. The Puritan had an abiding sense of his duty to suppress wrongs throughout the range of his vision; Parkman, try as he might to rule his impulses, could never quite restrain himself from championing the oppressed with the old-time New England fervor. The cause of this is not far to seek. The mental qualities which a Puritan ancestry had bred in him could not be changed when he threw off the creed and the point of view of his fathers. Thus it remained true, as his daughter said of him, that he was at bottom still "a passionate Puritan."

Of the mere events of Parkman's life there is not a great deal to be said. He was born September 16, 1823, in Boston, where his boyhood was spent with the exception of the five years—from eight till thirteen years of age—which he passed on his maternal grandfather's farm at Medford. This farm was close to the then wild Middlesex Fells, in which the boy delighted to roam, and it is thought that he thus received an abiding love for savage nature. This impulse was to find expression later in his familiarity with forest life seen in his admirable descriptions of frontier struggles.

In 1840 Parkman entered Harvard, and four years later he graduated there. For the next two years he remained at Harvard studying law. The choice of this profession was voluntary. He had no great fondness for law, but his father had the notion that a gentleman ought to be educated in one of the learned professions, and the boy yielded to his father's plan. The course was completed with credit, and the license to practice was duly obtained, but the work of active practice was not undertaken.

It is at this time that we get our first clear view of the young man. He appears as a shy young person who spent much time to himself. There were some things which he liked and some which he did not like. Among the former was English composition. His diary shows that he rigorously drilled himself in this subject during his entire college course. For mathematics he had by no means the same fondness.

He himself has described his last examination in that subject. He was required to work at the board a problem in algebra in the presence of the examining committee. "I had not opened my algebra for six months," said he, "having devoted to rifle-shooting the time which I was expected to devote to mathematics. A problem was proposed. I said: 'Don't know it, sir.' Prof. Pierce with great kindness then proposed another, to which I replied: 'I cannot do it, sir.' He then tried a third. 'I don't know anything about it, sir.' 'Mr. Parkman, you may go,' was the reply of the Professor."

The seclusiveness of Parkman did not proceed from a lack of iron in his blood. He was quite strong enough where his interests were aroused. In debate he was remembered by his associates for his explosive earnestness, a kind of intentness which was restrained by no sense of caution when he was aroused to the task of the moment. It was that very earnestness of downright honesty which would, no doubt, have made him a bad politician but which helped much to make him an excellent historian.

On the social side Parkman's college life was something less than brilliant, yet it was by no means a failure. He had few friends, but these appreciated him highly. To them he gave himself cordially. If it were a class function, either during his college career or during the remainder of his long life, he gave it his full support. His letters to schoolmates, some of which fortunately have been preserved by his biographer, show how keenly he entered into all that pertained to college life. They belong to the period of his law studies and show us a well-supported, pleasant young gentleman, who took his studies none too seriously and who took something stronger with a great deal more interest, as witness the following of November, 1844:

We wanted you the other night [he wrote to a friend]. Joe got up one of his old-fashioned suppers on a scale of double magnificence, inviting thereunto every specimen of the class of '44 that lingered within an accessible distance. There was old S. and Snaggy, N. D., Ned W. (who, by the way, is off for Chili!), P., etc., etc. The spree was worthy of the entertainment. None got drunk, but all got jolly; and Joe's champagne disappeared first; then his Madeira; and his whisky punch would have followed suit, if

its copious supplies had not prevented. At first all was quiet and dignified, not unworthy of graduates; but at length the steam found vent in three cheers for '44, and after that we did not cease singing and roaring till one o'clock. Even my hideous voice grew musical; I succeeded in actually singing in the chorus to "Yankee Doodle" without perceptibly annoying the rest. At length all deserted except a chosen few. Old S. sat in a rocking-chair, with one foot on the table, and the other on his neighbor's shoulder, laughing and making execrable puns. He had the key of the door in his pocket, so that nobody could get out. The whole ended with smashing a dozen bottles against the Washington [elm], and a war dance with scalp-yells in the middle of the common, in the course of which several night-capped heads appeared at the opened windows of the astonished neighbors.

This unquestionably was very unexpected behavior from a young gentleman who was already a graduate, whose father was a minister, and who, in compliment, perhaps, to his father's and grandfather's gifts to the theological department, occupied a room in Divinity Hall. Bad as it is, we can half forgive it on account of the clear and nervous English in which it is written.

The law course ended in 1846. That year found Parkman's health in a seriously bad condition. This had come about through a series of causes. From early life he had possessed a highly nervous organization. He had, also, a will whose intensity, when once it was set, could render his body well-nigh insensible to the ordinary physical protests against misuse. Moreover, he conceived that he could by sufficiently steady practice remedy this deficiency and give himself the hardy frame of an athlete. To conceive such a thing was, with Parkman, to attempt to carry it through. Accordingly he took all kinds of violent exercise. He indulged in long walks which would tire out experienced foresters. He scorned to turn aside for either rain or heat. He slept on the ground without a blanket. He had in an exalted degree a turn for the heroic, and this pushed him on in this path of what he fancied was Indian fortitude. Along with his nervousness was a tendency toward a serious affection of the brain. This, too, he tried to overcome by continual physical activity. As a result, the overstrained body collapsed and the highly wrought will pushed the brain almost to insanity. Besides a general breakdown of health, there came, in 1846, an omi-

nous attack of blindness. In 1851 arthritis seized one of his knees and rendered his free locomotion impossible for the rest of his life. In his anxiety he went to Europe to consult leading specialists. He was told that he was in imminent danger of both blindness and insanity. Indeed, he needed not to be told this. His eyes were so bad that he dared not go into the sunlight during the daytime, and at intervals the affection of the brain was so severe that it required, as he himself said, the most extreme exertion of the will he ever made to restrain the highly excited brain from rushing into a maddened course, which an eminent Parisian surgeon told him had always been the result of his disorder. This attack lasted in its serious form for four years. When it had worn itself out, he found himself in Boston, a permanent invalid. He dared not use his brain further. He turned, rather, to horticulture. He liked it for its own sake, and the outdoor life which it involved was what he needed to tone up his system. This new occupation he followed with that disposition to go to the bottom of a thing which characterized all his efforts. As a result he came at length to be an authority on the subject. He took three hundred and twenty-six prizes for his exhibits in the flower shows of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society; he held several offices in this society, being for three years its president, and he introduced a number of new species, chief among them the *lilium Parkmanni*, for which an English florist gave him a large sum. Another achievement in the same department was a "Book on Roses," which is still received as an authority on rose culture.

While all these days and years of pain brought torture to the body and the brain, there was an ideal in the mind of Parkman which he never forgot. As early as his Sophomore days at Harvard he had determined that he would write some day the story of the struggle between the white man and the Indian for the northern frontier. His fondness for the forest had helped in the confirmation of this purpose. During his college vacations he made trips to the Canadian woods, going over with great interest the scenes of the struggles of the Algonquins and the French against the Iroquois and the

English. In 1846, when his eyes gave the first serious intimation of their weakness, he decided to make the necessity of resting them an occasion to visit the tribes of Indians on the western plains. With one companion he arrived at mid-summer of that year at Fort Laramie, in what is now the southeast corner of Wyoming. He was somewhat disconcerted to find that his only chance to observe the Indians would be to follow the Ogillallahs, a tribe of the Sioux, to their summer buffalo hunt. With only a Canadian guide he set off on this errand. After five days of travel he came up with the Indians in their camp at the foot of the Medicine Bow Mountains. He remained with them for some weeks. Most of the time his health was exceedingly bad. Of all the unwise efforts he made to check his disorder this was the most injurious. He needed particularly some easily digested food and a period of rest, and here he could get neither. Nothing but his determination enabled him to bring his bones back from the plains. For five days he ate only one biscuit a day in order that he might reduce his trouble by starvation. Sometimes he was so weak when the time came for mounting his horse to follow the Indians that he could do so only by taking a spoonful of brandy to revive his strength. Yet he came out of the expedition somewhat improved in health. He wrote an account of his experiences which was published under the title, "The Oregon Trail," in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* in 1847 and in book form in 1849.

This improvement in health was, however, only the withdrawal of his hand from the very gate of death. He still stood in the broad road that led to the grave. Returned to the East, his chief concern became to find some way of attaining a perfect recovery. He sought health first at a water cure establishment in Vermont. While there he dictated to a friend "The Oregon Trail." This action was indicative of Parkman's later course. While he was conscious that his first task was to recover his shattered health, or, to put it more exactly, to stave off day by day the fate that confronted him, he determined to use in following his literary plans every moment which he could well snatch from his medical treatment. This

determination, so rigorously carried out throughout his life, gave literary results which, in view of his physical condition, have struck the world as little less than miraculous.

"The Oregon Trail" was successful from the first. It had that direct and lucid style which comes from being thoroughly in earnest. It ran through the first edition in due time, and the demand for it has been so steady that in 1892 the ninth edition was put on the market. It has proved itself one of the most popular books of travel written in America.

The success of this work encouraged Parkman to renewed efforts. He had begun to collect materials for "The Conspiracy of Pontiac" as early as the summer of 1845. He now gave himself seriously to writing it. He himself said that his health at that time was the worst possible. He was impeded by the three serious failings: the inability of writing without closing his eyes, the inability of using his brain at more than infrequent and brief intervals, and the inability of overcoming an extreme disinclination to work which was caused by his highly wrought nervous condition. His physician warned him that his attempt was most dangerous; but Parkman felt that his salvation depended on his having some serious purpose as a center of his life, and he proceeded slowly but continuously to the work which he had planned. He secured a frame of wood the size of a sheet of writing paper, with wires stretched across it at intervals of half an inch. This he laid upon a sheet of paper and was able to write with a pencil so that a friend could make out his thoughts. After five years of such painful effort, the book was finished in 1851. It is of all Parkman's writings the least prosy. "It is," says Mr. Farnham, "fascinating not only by its vigorous picturesqueness, but also from the color, flow, and fervor of its diction." Parkman, with a less partial and doubtless a truer judgment, thought in his maturer years that this work was "turgid and too highly colored." It has proved, however, a popular work with the mass of readers, both young and old, who have found its marvelous picture-painting quality a continual source of joy.

The next task to which Parkman gave his hand was to

write a novel. He called it "Vassal Morton," and it was published in 1856. The book was a failure from the first. Strength of feeling it had, but it lacked that happy application of imagination to the plot and to the action of the characters which makes a novel a work of art. It is now chiefly remembered for certain autobiographical touches, disguised, no doubt, but not past the recognition of those who knew somewhat of the inner feelings of the author. It has never been reprinted in the collections of his works.

The period of Parkman's life of which I am now speaking was full of matter for the discouragement of any but one who possessed his extraordinary determination. It was the time of his greatest physical suffering. More than that, the last two books he had put before the world had received but a cold welcome. The novel was a complete failure; and the "Conspiracy of Pontiac" had received much criticism, as much because it dealt in a new way with a phase of American history as because of the defects of style which have already been mentioned. His wife, whose love, true to her woman's nature, cried out that the world should praise where she knew there was so much to deserve praise, suggested that he should try some field of history in which the public had a warmer interest than in the Canadian conflict. She thought of European history. Had not Prescott and Motley made great reputations in it? But to all her suggestions her husband had a characteristic reply. "I must write what I was made for," he said. His mission was to tell the story of the dark struggle for the forest, and that he would do. If the world would hear the story, it was well; if it would not hear it, then he would nevertheless tell the story in the full reverence for truth which is at once the lowest and the highest duty of an historian.

The next piece of work which came from Parkman was "The Pioneers of France in the New World." It was published in 1865, after the second crisis of his disease had been passed and after he had come into that last period of his life in which he settled into a condition of somewhat less bodily anguish than he had experienced from 1846 to 1861. It was

as if during this long period he had come to view his life's task in a clearer light. That task he had long understood, but he had at first gone about it in no logical way. "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," which was his first step toward fulfilling the task, is chronologically the last step of the Canadian conflict. Parkman was, perhaps, led to write about it first of all because of his disposition to have a hero. He now conformed to the logical order of his subject. He arranged a plan of the great struggle and proceeded systematically to execute it. He realized that the precarious condition of his health made doubtful the completion of such a work. In order to provide against this contingency he arranged to cover the subject in a series of monographs, each of which should be enough of a whole in itself to make it worth while to do it, even if death should intervene before the series was done. The whole he called "France and England in North America." He was able to complete it as he had planned it. The volumes appeared in the following order: "The Pioneers of France in the New World," one volume, 1865; "The Jesuits in North America," one volume, 1867; "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West," one volume, 1869; "The Old Régime," one volume, 1874; "Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.," one volume, 1877; "Montcalm and Wolfe," two volumes, 1884; "A Half Century of Conflict," two volumes, 1892. The whole series constitute the noble task of a lifetime. It is at once a monument and an incarnation. One may say in the years to come, as he points to this work: "Here is Parkman." It was completed in 1892. There followed one happy summer of rest, in which the author was enthusiastically contemplating other tasks to be undertaken in the future; and then, on November 8, 1893, the great enemy whom he had baffled so long claimed him. It was as if Death had struck a bargain with him, agreeing that he might complete his work of devotion; and then when the work was done, as if the dark monster had been so struck with its beauty that he had forgot for a brief moment to claim his side of the agreement, but was reminded of it by these preparations to undertake other tasks.

The world rarely sees a career like Parkman's. Other men have done as much as he—some men, perhaps, have done more—but few have lived who have done as much under such difficulties. What he did is enough to make a man who is content to do an ordinary task ashamed of his life's emptiness. Parkman had, no doubt, the immense advantage of being a rich man. Without this he could not have written any of his histories. Yet it is worth while to remember that thousands of men have been as rich as he who have not written anything. His money was useful to him because it enabled him to visit Europe, examine documents, make copies of them, inspect personally the scenes of the conflicts about which he was writing, and hire the help of amanuenses. He had ability; but other men have had ability also, and yet few have brought such results out of their abilities. The element of character which made him preëminent was his towering will. It enabled him to master what would have been for most of us the decrees of nature, and to make a spring of life burst forth out of the solid rock. Without this will to work, riches and abilities would have been spent out in the mere vaporings of a mind seeking after the sensuous flowers of idleness.

Parkman's nature was not a complex one. It embraced a few virtues emphatically developed, and perhaps still fewer failings well ruled. That was all. He had a straightforward love of truth, a brusqueness of speech, a love of the wildness of primitive nature, an impatience with cant and with hypocrisy, and a sincerity of feeling which made him a splendid specimen of the civilized savage. On the other hand, he had little sympathy with weakness, whether it were his own or another man's. He had no faith in the equality of men. He was an aristocrat; he believed that women should keep in their places; and he was always conscious that he had a place somewhat apart from, and perhaps a little better than, that of most other people. This exclusiveness was, no doubt, brought into prominence in his nature by the necessity he was under to live to himself on account of the state of his health, but it was no less a part of his nature. It was like

him that he ever did what he wanted to do and neglected what he did not like to do. What he loved best was the primitive forest, with its weird creaking of the trees in the winter's wind and its unharnessed spirits of strength and mysticism. And yet he had no patience with the notion that there is a quiet spirit which binds man to the beauties of nature. He knew nothing about communing with nature in the sense in which the expression is usually received. He could not abide Wordsworth, and he had but little sympathy for Thoreau.

One thing he loved better than the wilderness: it was the writing of its history and of the history of the wild Indians and of the hardly less wild white men who moved through the wilderness. If there is any feeling which can deaden the pain of the tortured body, it is the joy of creating an honest sentence in an honest narrative, as every lover of historical research must know. Parkman himself thought that the habit of writing slowly, completing sentence by sentence the short task of the day, had the good effect of making him more careful about his words. It perhaps restrained his mind from philosophizing and gave his chapters that strictly narrative form which made them so unlike most of the history the world was used to reading before his day. Fortunately, it is less in style to-day than formerly to deliver sermons between the lines in our histories.

The education of Parkman was, perhaps, too highly specialized. From the time when as a Harvard Sophomore he determined on his life work he gave all his study to accomplishing that end. He practically took his education into his own hands. He read much literature, and he even attempted poetry; but gradually his chosen object supplanted all other claims. His disease, no doubt, facilitated this process by taking so much of his time that he felt impelled to use all his working opportunity in following his one task. As a result he knew no other field of history than that which related to Canada. This unquestionably meant a loss in breadth of view. Back of a specialization should be an honest knowledge of the general field. Parkman's feeling sometimes made

his work less reliable than it would otherwise have been. There is no doubt that his lack of sympathy with so mystical a religious organization as the Quakers led him to underestimate the position they played in Pennsylvania, and that this produced the strictures against them which is one of the objectionable features of "The Conspiracy of Pontiac." The same may be said in regard to his treatment of the New England Puritans, for whom he had no sympathy.

And yet neither the one-sidedness of his education nor the intensity of his feelings prevented Parkman from being a great historian. No other American of his day, save George Bancroft, had been confronted by so large a task; and no other, not even Bancroft himself, performed that task better. The subject had peculiar difficulties. The materials were to be found in a hundred scattered reports, or monographs, many of which had never been printed. To get at them it was necessary to pass weary months in France, going from Paris to some provincial town, and back again, and after that as long again in Canada. He was not satisfied till he had got at the last accessible fact. How much pain it cost him will never be known. He was not satisfied to write until he had personally gone over the scene of the events about which he proposed to write. Moreover, he had the disadvantage of presenting the subject from the standpoint of the French and the Indians. Former treatments had continually treated it from the standpoint of the English colonies which had suffered from the French. To them the Indian attacks had been but the torturing raids of demons; to Parkman the subject appeared as the shock of two great forces which contended for a continent. When his work appeared in the white light of scientific inquiry the public, who had been educated in the old school, was disappointed. Scholars quickly recognized the superiority of the treatment, however, and the public gradually came around to the new way of thinking. In fact, this very spirit got so strong a hold on the mind of the public that scholarly investigation received from it a powerful impetus.

Parkman was essentially a man of action, and his books.

are the histories of life. He always loved a hero. He told his story best and found most interest in it when it had some central figure to absorb his interest. Thus he took but little interest in "The Old Régime," which had to do with the institutions of Canada. But for Frontenac, and Pontiac, and, most of all, for La Salle, he had the greatest interest. The stories which he built up around these men are unsurpassed in the realm of history for dramatic, accurate, and vivid treatment. They appeal to the reader, boy or man, like a novel. As one reads them he is apt to sigh: "Why is not all history written in this way?" Ah! why is it not so written? The answer is plain: Not all historians are Parkmans. It will be many a day before there comes to our country another who is so complete a master of the real as he, and withal so clear a lover of truth.

It would be unjust to Parkman if I closed this paper without saying something about his social life. He was not a recluse. To his friends he was genial, even frolicsome. He ever loved a quiet evening with a good fire and a kindred spirit. His family life, though short, was happy. He was married in 1850 to Catherine Scollay, a daughter of Dr. Jacob Bigelow, and three children were born of the union. In 1858 his wife died, and one of the children, a promising boy, had died in the preceding year. To the two daughters who were thus left alone with him he could give but little attention, on account of his disease. His marriage was a surprise to some who thought they knew him well. They had believed that he had too little sentiment to love. They had never penetrated beneath the reserve and seen the warm love of his nature. We get a better glimpse of his faculty of loving when, some years later, he refused to dedicate a book to his sister because he considered his love too deep and too sacred a thing to be paraded before the public. The incident was like him in more than one way. He had an impatience of the admission of the public into his private life. For his daughters and for his sister Eliza, he had great love. The sister was his constant assistant. With a rare devotion she gave him her life, her activity of body, her intelligent

sympathy, in order to repair the damage disease had done him. The last years of his life were spent in a half relief from his bodily torture, and in this period he appeared to his friends in his true social capacity. Then his home was the scene of many a gathering of choice spirits whose merriment was not soon forgotten. Among all the group no one was more jocose than he and his sister. He would make up some absurd story with a grave face, and he would frequently turn the laugh on a person present by bringing him up at last in the story in some grotesque situation.

Parkman was not religious by nature. In all the years of struggle with physical pain there is in his utterances no reference to the consolation of religion. His writings contain nothing to show that he had any personal experience of religion in any orthodox form. Toward the clergy, toward the Churches as organizations, and even toward the cultivation of the spiritual elements of a man's character, he maintained through life a distinct opposition. He represented, as has been said, a reaction against formal New England Puritanism. "He began," says Mr. Farnham, "with the Unitarianism of Channing, then passed on to the 'more natural and manly religion' of Theodore Parker, and finally ended his life, as he himself admitted, 'a reverent agnostic.'" His sense of the accurate held him back from the expression of any definite ideas of the great Unknown. It made faith in the Unknown an impossibility, and without faith religion is but cant; and for cant he had not the least patience.

Parkman's relation to his *alma mater* demands special attention. His father and grandfather before him had given liberally to Harvard's Divinity School. Although he did not indorse the giving of this money to the Divinity School, he remained none the less true to the college. Through his life he was a constant attendant on his class reunions. He was a fine illustration of that faithful alumnus who represents in one way the finest type of college man. It is a type of loyalty, of self-sacrifice, and of enthusiasm for the cause of higher education. If it could come to the graduates of every college as it came to Parkman, there would be a revival of cul-

ture in our land which should make anew its thought life. In Parkman this characteristic was manifested in several ways. He was an invariable guest at his class reunions, he was always willing to contribute of his funds to meet the needs of the college or to beautify it, and he was ever ready to give a helping hand to some Harvard man who was in need of help. When he died he accomplished the end of a good son of Harvard by leaving to it his valuable library, consisting of two thousand five hundred volumes.

Such was the life of Parkman, child of a strenuous stock, lover of the strong and despiser of the weak, fearless devotee of truth, master of the art of writing narrative history, sad victim of the overwhelming frowns of Fortune, yet by his will conqueror of Fortune. He lived his life as any wise man will live it, pressing to the utmost the capacity of his own opportunity. We need not ask what he might have been had his opportunity been greater. His example will remain for many generations an incentive to the younger literary men of America, and equally as long will his books remain to them a source of delightful instruction.

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